Will Isn’t an Idiot

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Will Isn’t an Idiot

by the_link_dock

Summary

> “Contrary to popular belief, Will wasn’t a f*cking idiot.”
>
> As of right now, this fic will be marked at completed but if I decide to add to it then it’ll probably be a part two story.

Notes

> Trigger Warnings in the end for more notes or end notes or whatever to avoid spoilers.

See the end of the work for more notes

Contrary to popular belief, Will wasn't a fucking idiot.

Less than a week after hearing about the Chesapeake Ripper, Will had known it was Hannibal.

Arrogant. Surgical background. No evidence.

Of fucking course it was his psychiatrist.

Will sat at Hannibal's dinner table and held in a lip curl of disgust.

The good doctor had served some pretentiously named meat dish that was undoubtedly human.

Will pointedly avoided that. He could see Hannibal watching him with curiosity.

"Is it not cooked to your liking?" The doctor asked.

Will gave a wry smile, "I wouldn't know. I'm not a big fan of," Will paused thoughtfully, "pig."

Hannibal's lips twitched upward and Will had to hold in an eye roll. Of fucking course Hannibal would find it funny. *The sick bastard.*

"You should give it a try, I do take pride in my culinary skills."

Will huffed a quiet sigh as he picked at his food, "I'm sure you do."

He felt Hannibal's caution raise and knew he didn't get paid enough for this shit.

Will was so fucking tired of whatever dance or game this was.

He set his fork down with a louder noise than he intended and held his head in his hands.

"Will? Are you alright?" Hannibal asked. *Ever the good doctor he was*.

Will felt his head ache and his eyes burn as his shoulders shook and he hid a smile that was more sad than happy.

"If I asked you to kidnap me, to keep me away from everyone and take me somewhere I could start over, would you?" Will looked up, and felt ten years older.

Hannibal's eyes softened immensely and he set his utensils down gently. "Will," was breathed out of his mouth.

Will gave a shallow laugh and shook his head, "I should've known you wouldn't. This is too good for you."

Hannibal slowly stood up and walked over to Will as if he were a wild animal.

“Will, tell me what you’re thinking about.”

Will looked him in the eye, a rare thing, and gave a humourless smile, something that was becoming far too common. “I’m tired Hannibal. I just want to sleep, but not even my dreams are safe anymore. If I didn’t have my dogs I’d—“

He cut himself off from saying something incriminating and looked away.

Hannibal rested a hand on Will’s shoulder and the younger curled in on himself.

“Will, do you think about harming yourself?”

Will snorted and fiddled with the knife laid out by his plate. He was tired of hiding. “I don’t *think* about it, no.”

Find the hidden meaning, he pleaded silently.

The good doctor always obliged. “Do you harm yourself?”

Will gave a single, small nod and Hannibal shifted. Will couldn’t bare looking at him.

“I—“ Will tried to speak but found it harder than he’d thought. He felt anxiety creep into him and tried to stop himself from shaking, or worse, *crying*.

“It’s nothing to worry about,” he found himself saying. It was a lie, but suddenly he couldn’t bear the thought of Hannibal knowing.

“Just a few times. Nothing serious, hardly self-harm if you think about it. It didn’t even scar,” *at first*, “I don’t want to kill myself,” *I want to die*, “I don’t know why I brought it up,” *help me*, “it’s really nothing.”

“Will, I do not think it wise to return home alone tonight.”

Or ever.

Will curled in on himself further and hated himself for being so small. What had he been thinking?

“But, my dogs.” He whispered, hardly loud enough to hear.

“I’m sure Alana will be happy to take care of them for the foreseeable future.”

Will whipped his head around, “You can’t keep me here.”

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed but Will knew he wasn’t angry, “I can if you’re a danger to yourself or others.”

Will had to get out.

He threw his glass at Hannibal’s head, it was easily dodged and the older man just held tighter to his shoulder.

Will felt like a little kid, stuck with no way out.

Will looked at Hannibal, “I know.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow in response.

Will pointedly looked at his plate. “I *know*. And I’m going to tell when I leave.”

Hannibal stared at him blankly before the softest expression that Will had ever seen crossed his face.

“I’m not going to kill you Will.”

Will didn’t cry but he wanted to. Instead, he grabbed his dinner knife and launched himself at Hannibal in an attempt to stab the good doctor.

He got caught instead and soon he was wrapped in a tight embrace; his back to Hannibal’s front with the good doctor’s arms easily encasing him with Will’s own arms crossed and pinned against his chest.

The fight was over before it had properly begun and Will growled and thrashed trying to break free.

Hannibal’s head rested on Will’s shoulder and he whispered into Will’s ears to calm down.

Will sagged in the good doctor’s embrace and tried not to over think what this would mean in the future.

He felt a pinch on his neck and cursed inwardly at his stupidity.

It seemed like the good doctor had drugged him.

Will felt the effects within seconds and felt himself go lax before losing consciousness entirely.

End Notes

TW: mention of self harm, suicidal thoughts, attempted suicide through manipulated murder, depression

honestly, these are all in the tags

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